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first tried to put it in City Hall and we were advised by Dottle that "you know what happens when you put things in City Hall." We then concluded that the best place would be to put it in the Library and we marked up Sixth Avenue with the sign and put it in the basement of the Library. Miss Muldoon was very amused and pleased that we had chosen to place the sign in her keeping. John and I looked at books in the Library for a while and then went down to Goodwill--at 3 P.M. John and his father and others were leaving for Philadelphia to see a baseball game. I dropped JVB off there and JVB and I did not make any specific plans for Saturday. Later in the day I called Peg and asked her if I could borrow her camera and take some slides of Carbondale. She said yes and said that David and Christopher Montello were with her and that they were thinking of dropping in at The Homestead to say hello and then proceed on their way to the Clifford Picnic. I said that I would go with them and that was what we did. On Saturday morning I took a role of slides of Carbondale, which when I had them developed I learned were mostly overexposed. One or two good slides were in the roll--the rest were disasters. I gave the one or two good ones to Donald during Pioneer Days. I returned the Camera to Peg by 1 P.M. At about 2 P.M. I called JVB and asked him if he wanted to go to the Antique Show in Honesdale. "Let me ask," said he. I picked up John at 2:30 and he had his entire silver dollar collection with him and his other American coins. He showed them to me on the way over in the car to the Armory in Honesdale. Very beautiful indeed. At the antique show he and I had a grand time. We looked at post cards and all railroad objects with great zeal. Kurt was there and had some photographs for Donald and I purchased them and then we called Donald collect and told him of the new treasures that I had bought for him from Kurt. John bought a few early bus tokens from a woman dealer. I bought a few post cards. We spent a couple of hours at the show. When we left the show we stopped in Clinton Center Cemetery to see if Konchar had begun the repairs: he had. I was delighted. The repairs must be done by August 18 for the Reunion. We stopped in Waymart to see the vestiges of the Gravity Railroad there. John showed me the building that appears on the Birthday Card that I sent him. I had never been in that part of Waymart before and John enjoyed showing me around. From Waymart we went to Brook-Valley Farm and went off to see the campers--RTP and family and the 4-H were camping out in the woods--up by the Schust line. We arrived to find a magnificent early American camp in the woods--tents, central fire, outhouse, pond; a rustic city had been carved out of the wilderness by RTP and family. I was speechless. It was so inviting I never wanted to leave. John and I were invited to dinner and we stayed and it was splendid. The kids cooked and had a grand time doing so. Hamburgers and baked beans and such. After dinner there was an "entertainment" that was put on by the kids--skits and such before the camp fire. The entire evening was magical. We all had the best time. When JVB and I left we walked down through the flats and it seemed like we were walking out of a town that had been established in the woods. It truly felt like home. On Sunday RTP and I picked up the posts of the broken signs--the post at 42nd and Route 106 was in good shape. We loaded it into the back of RTP's truck. The top of the sign in Childs was in good shape and we picked up it. We took both pieces to RTP's place and he chipped away at the concrete and we tried to put the two pieces together. We couldn't get the cement chipped out of the good top and RTP did not despair. He said that he would get them put together in time for the installation, whenever it was. HLRP and WSP and I had luncheon and then I walked over to see the camp, once again. They were breaking the camp and it seemed sad. At 4:30 Ann called to say that she was going to Scranton: did I want a ride. Yes, I said. When she and the kids arrived, I said that I had decided to take the Carbondale 4:30 bus, which I did. A thoroughly enjoyable weekend in PA.

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WSP picked me up in Scranton. I don't have any notes on this weekend and so this will probably be sketchy. I am typing this on September 8th and so much has happened in the mean time that I am not sure that I can reconstruct this weekend of August 13-16, 1982. We met again in the Memorial Park. There were ten of us. Pascoe, Loftus, Baum, Essif, Klinkewicz, Jean Colville, Revak, Tomaine, JVB and myself. We did not meet in the Park. We met in Council Chambers. The pressure was on for Pioneer Days. Final schedules and plans were discussed. The schedule of lectures and films was put in final form and more parade plans were discussed. As usual, roof repairs were brought up. The bidders who have presented bids for the roof work were discussed. It was decided that we will make a decision on bidder right after Pioneer Days. We will consult with Tom Horlacher before we do so. I insisted on that. I made a public statement to the effect that I was not opposed to the merging of the Committee to Restore Carbondale City Hall and the Carbondale Historical Society. I want that known. The Committee can simply be one of the "committees" of which the Carbondale Historical Society is made up. That seemed to meet with general approval. We will vote on the merger after Pioneer Days are over. David stayed at the meeting only briefly--he wrote me a note during the meeting and that note is reproduced here, front and back. He was going back and forth between the meeting of the Pioneer Days Committee at the Chellino and our meeting in Council Chambers. He reported that we should go over to the Chellino and talk to Palko and others about the Committee's plans for the parade and such. After the meeting, Tomaine and Revak went down to Mister Donut and Joe Pascoe and JVB and I went over to the Chellino and had a very pleasant chat with Joe Jacobeno and Jimmy Spall and Jerry Palko about the historical marker--we discussed whether we should install it in the plot by the City Hall before or after Pioneer Days. Jacobeno and Spall and others were very supportive of our efforts and were willing to make concessions and that was very pleasant. We decided that we would not install the historical marker in the ground until after Pioneer Days. Spall and Jacobeno and Palko couldn't have been more friendly or helpful. That made me feel great. Palko asked us about the parade and we told him that we would be with an antique car and that we would like to carry the flag in front of the car and Palko said that that would be fine. He asked if I would like to present the flag to the Mayor at the Dignitaries Luncheon on the 28th and I said that that would be terrific. How many tickets do you want? Five I said and Palko said that if I came round to the Times on the morrow that I could get the tickets. Palko was terrific to me. The meeting in the Chellino was cordiality itself and that made Joe Pascoe and JVB and I feel just great. We were getting results. At the main meeting in City Hall I brought up the idea of having a talk on the mayors at the end of the week and Jean Colville spoke very clearly up saying that she thought it was a bad idea. "Haven't we had enough with the mayors' portraits already?" she added. Nan Loftus and Jean Colville seem to have strong feelings about the portraits and they are in opposite camps on the subject. One or both of them is in the possession of more information than they are telling and the other knows that the other is not telling all. It's a very touchy subject between the two of them. At that time I decided that I will talk on "Carbondale's Three City Halls" and not on mayors on Friday of Pioneer Days week. After Joe and John and I left the Chellino we chatted by the Columbia Hose Company for a while and then Joe took his leave and John and I went down to Mister Donut. Tomaine and Revak were there and Tomaine was complaining--"What has the Committee done lately?"--and I was not in the mood for it. I uttered a few sentences in which I stated what I thought the Committee had done lately and Tomaine was quickly shut up. I don't remember much of the conversation from Mister Donut but at 11 P.M., actually, well in advance of 11 P.M., I drove John home. On Friday morning I met John in town: I don't remember where or when. HLRP was with me and she was